

The Academy

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The Literary Week.

On Thursday the mortal remains of John Ruskin were laid in the churchyard of Coniston Village. The natural wish that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey could not be granted if his strict injunctions were to be observed. Long ago he had said: "If I die at Herne Hill, I wish to rest with my parents in Shirley Churchyard, but if at Brantwood, then I would prefer to rest at Coniston." Among the floral tributes sent was a wreath of true Greek laurel from Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., with this message from Mrs. Watts: "It comes from our garden, and has been cut before three times only—from Tennyson, Leighton, and Burne-Jones."

THE following list, which we take from the *Daily News*, shows the extent of the popularity of Mr. Ruskin's books. The list refers to those books only which are published in a single volume. *Modern Painters* and *Stones of Venice* are still too expensive to be widely popular. The second book on the list, however, consists of selections from *Modern Painters*. The figures give the number of copies sold since the several books were republished in their present cheaper form:

Sesame and Lilies	40,000
Frondees Agrestes	34,000
The Crown of Wild Olive	31,000
Unto this Last...	30,000
Seven Lamps	29,000
King of the Golden River	22,000
Queen of the Air	14,000
Time and Tide	13,000
A Joy for Ever	12,000
Mornings in Florence	11,000
The Eagle's Nest	11,000

THE touching details of Mr. Ruskin's last hours recall Lockhart's beautiful passage describing the death of Scott. Into the sick room of Sir Walter came the sound of Tweed pouring over her pebbles. Through the turret-window of the room in which Mr. Ruskin had just passed away came the glow of the first sunset he had missed for many a day. "The brilliant, gorgeous light illumined the hills with splendour; and the spectators felt as if Heaven's Gate itself had been flung open to receive the teacher into everlasting peace."

MR. RUSKIN possessed the original MSS. of three of Scott's novels. From a child he had fed on the Waverley novels, and his quotations from and allusions to Scott would fill a volume. He was a boy when the series was drawing to a close, and he has written: "I can no more recollect the time when I did not know them than when I did not know the Bible." Some of his judgments on Scott's work are superbly downright in their admiration. The Battle of Flodden in *Marmion* he thought "the truest and grandest battle-piece that, so far as I know, exists in the whole compass of literature; the absolutely fairest in justice to both contending nations, the absolutely most beautiful in its conceptions of both." Of certain of the Waverley novels he said that they "are, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless throughout as human work can be." Although devoted to Scott, Mr. Ruskin had a fancy for modern stories of a certain kind. The last book from which Mrs. Arthur Severn read to him was Miss Edna Lyall's *In the Golden Days*.

MR. RUSKIN's annual income from the sale of his books was, for many years, on the average, £4,000. Yet he did not "work" his writings for what they were worth. New editions, which would have been highly profitable, were delayed and delayed until the first editions rose to fabulous prices. It is doubtful if he would have approved the suggestion that the memorial to him should take the form of an edition of his works at a price within the reach of all. Mr. Ruskin's private fortune, derived from his father's capable and honest trade in sherry, was enormous; and it is believed that he gave away not less than £200,000 in his life. He parted with material wealth as one whose spiritual wealth was inexhaustible.

WHAT were Mr. Ruskin's methods of writing? Mr. M. H. Spielmann tells the readers of the *American Book-Buyer* that Mr. Ruskin disliked the drudgery of the pen, and abhorred proofs, at reading which, indeed, he was a poor hand. Mr. Harrison corrected his punctuation for years, and even set right "strange irregularities in grammar." He liked an inclined desk, and thought a flat table for writing injurious, but in after years he let this doctrine go by the board. It is not surprising that he liked to take a difficult task away to very peaceful surroundings and there wrestle with it. Still, he soon tired.

It must be three or four years now since I was
in London, Christmas in the ^{North} country passing scarcely
noted, with a white fork and a little bedding,
and I don't know London any more, nor where I
am in it—except the Strand.

FROM ONE OF MR. RUSKIN'S MANUSCRIPTS.

"Sir Walter Scott," he said, "wrote as a stream flows, but I do all my brainwork like a wrung sponge." He had his peculiarities about payment for his work. When he wrote a certain article, to appear in the *Magazine of Art*, he would neither give the article for nothing nor receive its market price. He simply insisted on "a penny a line, neither more nor less." This article, on "The Black Arts" (the arts of engraving, &c.), from which we reproduce a sentence of the MS. in facsimile, will be included in Mr. Spielmann's forthcoming biography of Mr. Ruskin.

MR. R. D. BLACKMORE was a writer who ever refused to be gazed at by the public for whom he wrote. He wrote novels for a living, but grew pears and peaches for his pleasure. The novels paid best. Yet even these, it may be suspected, owed most of their success to the author's descriptions of nature. Blackmore drew characters that live, as John Ridd and Lorna Doone and Clara Vaughan bear witness. But the spell which he threw over his readers is inseparable from the West Country settings in which he placed his dramas. He knew Devonshire and all the morning and evening beauty of its lanes and valleys, and his own brisk delight in it went into his writing. He created a Blackmore country, and tourists have streamed thither ever since the days of *Lorna Doone*. Yet Blackmore was a Berkshire, not a Devon, man.

MR. BLACKMORE lived to be tired of the praises lavished on *Lorna Doone*. The success of that book was really something of a millstone round his neck. He felt he could not repeat it, yet he felt it was not his best. The devotion of the public to *Lorna* was a beautiful, yet maddening, obstacle to further progress, which Blackmore never overcame. Only in *Perlycross* did he again seem to hit the bull's-eye. Not long ago Mr. Blackmore saw his indocile, unswerving readers snap up 150,000 sixpenny copies of their first love. It grieved him, and he returned to his peaches.

In its obituary notice of Mr. Blackmore, the *Times* says of *Lorna Doone*: "Its merits were seen and appreciated at once." This is hardly true of the publishers, for no fewer than eighteen firms, it is said, rejected the book, which the author put away in a drawer for a year. Nor were the public much more discerning when the novel at last appeared. They let it alone until the title got absurdly mixed up with the marriage of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. From that day the book began to be inquired for, and its merits soon won the recognition *Lorna Doone* deserved.

WE have recorded in another column our deep regret at the death of Mr. G. W. Stevens. The love and admiration that he inspired is shown by the messages of condolence that have flashed to this country from all over the civilised world. He was buried at midnight, in order that the officers at Ladysmith might have an opportunity of attending his funeral. Lord Roberts, amid the engrossing character of his present task, found time to telegraph his sorrow. Lord Kitchener has made the following statement to a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*:

I was anxious to tell you how very sorry I was to hear of the death of Mr. Stevens. He was with me in the Soudan, and, of course, I saw a great deal of him and knew him well. He was such a clever and able man. He did his work as correspondent so brilliantly, and he never gave the slightest trouble—I wish all correspondents were like him. I suppose they will try to follow in his footsteps. I am sure I hope they will. He was a model correspondent, the best I have ever known, and I should like you to say how greatly grieved I am at his death.

The *Daily Mail*, towards the success of which Mr.

Stevens contributed so much, published the following tribute from Mr. Henley:

We cheered you forth—brilliant and kind and brave,
Under your country's triumphant flag you fell,
It floats, dear heart, over no dearer grave—
Brilliant and brave and kind, hail and farewell.

THE following "In Memoriam" lines accompanied the *Morning Post's* memoir of Mr. Stevens:

The pages of the Book quickly he turned.
He saw the languid Isis in a dream
Flow through the flowery meadows, where the ghosts
Of them whose glorious names are Greece and Rome
Walked with him. Then the dream must have an end,
For London called, and he must go to her,
To learn her secrets—why men love her so,
Loathing her also. Yet again he learned
How God, who cursed us with the need of toil
Relenting, made the very curse a boon.
There came a call to wander through the world
And watch the ways of men. He saw them die
In fiercest fight, the thought of victory
Making them drunk like wine; he saw them die
Wounded and sick, and struggling still to live
To fight again for England, and again
Greet those who love them. Well indeed he knew
How good it is to live, how good to love,
How good to watch the wondrous ways of men—
How good to die, if ever there be need.
And everywhere our England in his sight
Poured out her blood and gold, to share with all
Her heritage of freedom won of old.
Thus quickly did he turn the pages o'er
And learn the goodness of the gift of life;
And when the Book was ended, glad at heart—
The lesson learned, and every labour done—
Find at the end life's ultimate gift of rest.

ONE word more. An old friend had set Stevenson's beautiful lines to music:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

He said one evening at his happy home in Merton Abbey, before he started on his last journey, that, when out in the Soudan, he crooned himself to sleep night after night with those lines which had been set to music by his friend. It is fitting that he should lie at rest out there in the spacious country, "under the wide and starry sky."

THE American *Bookman's* "Letter Box" contains the following question this month: "What is the significance of the word decadence when it is applied to style?" It may be worth while to preserve the answer furnished by Théophile Gautier, to whose style, as also to Beaudelaire's, the word was applied in the early fifties:

The style of decadence is nothing else than art arrived at that extreme point of maturity produced by those civilisations which are growing old with their oblique suns—a style that is ingenious, complicated, learned, full of shades of meaning and research, always pushing further the limits of language, borrowing from all the technical vocabularies, taking colours from all palettes, notes from all keyboards, forcing itself to express in thought that which is most ineffable, and in form the vaguest and most fleeting contours; listening, that it may translate them, to the subtle confidences of the neuropath, to the avowals of ageing and depraved passion, and to the singular hallucinations of the fixed idea verging on madness. This style of decadence is the last effort of language, called

upon to express everything, and pushed to the utmost extremity. We may remind ourselves, in connexion with it, of the language of the later Roman Empire, already mottled with the greenness of decomposition, and, as it were, gamey, and of the complicated refinements of the Byzantine school, the last form of Greek art fallen into deliquescence. Such is the inevitable and fatal idiom of peoples and civilisations where factitious life has replaced the natural life, and developed in man unknown wants. Besides, it is no easy matter, this style despised of pedants, for it expresses new ideas with new forms and words that have not yet been heard. In opposition to the classic style, it admits of shading, and these shadows teem and swarm with the larvæ of superstitions, the haggard phantoms of insomnia, nocturnal terrors, remorse which starts and turns back at the slightest noise, monstrous dreams stayed only by impotence, obscure phantasies at which the daylight would stand amazed, and all that the soul conceals of the dark, the unformed, and the vaguely horrible, in its deepest and furthest recesses.

MR. GEORGE MOORE has written a play which he has called "A Tale of the Town." It will be produced first at a Dublin theatre.

NEXT week will be performed, for the first time, at the Deutsches Theatre, Berlin, Gerhart Hauptmann's new play, "Schluck und Jauch," written in the Silesian dialect. The plot is described as slight and fantastic—an elaboration of Lamb's little chimney-sweep who found himself in a ducal bed. Schluck and Jauch are boy and girl, and are met on the country road by a fine company from the neighbouring castle bent on amusing themselves. Schluck is invited to the castle, and is treated as if he were a prince. He succumbs to the dazzling illusion, but is finally sent back to his native fields with Jauch for his sweetheart, and a cottage and fields for his support. The burlesque scenes and situations evolved are said to be distinctly comical.

LAST October we gave some account of the retrospects and prospects of M. J. K. Huysmans, and referred to his intention to retire to Ligugé to pass the remainder of his days in solitude. It is now stated that M. Huysmans will definitely join the Benedictine Order on March 19. "On that date," he says, "I shall put on the clothes of an oblate, and shall thus have mounted the first step of the celestial ladder." We note, however, that M. Huysmans does not intend to put off the clothes of a novelist. As an oblate, indeed, M. Huysmans will not have to wear the dress of the order at all times, nor will he live within the walls of the monastery. He will reside in his own house at Ligugé, and one of his first occupations will be to complete his biography of St. Lydwine of Schiedam, and his novel, *L'Oblat*.

HUYSMANS' career has been a strange one. The routine of many years' quill-driving at the Ministry of the Interior did not weaken his capacity for violent mental and spiritual experiences. In *Là-Bas* Huysmans looked down into the fetid abyss of Parisian Satanism. Through pessimism, mysticism, satanism, and what not, Huysmans reached Catholicism. It would be stupid and unjust to question the sincerity of Huysmans' conversion, but one feels that his is a life that must be lived out before it can be understood.

MR. EDWARD MARSTON has this week given some interesting reminiscences to the *Daily Chronicle*. Charles Reade had a fine way with him when dealing with his publisher. He wanted £3,500 for *Hard Cash*, and this is how he wrote to Mr. Marston:

Dickens has pronounced it incomparably my best production, and, looking at the research and labour I have bestowed, I should not be compensated by the sum I ask.

... With this fair warning I can only say that I shall be happy to see you here either as negotiator or visitor whenever you have half an hour to bestow on me.

"Happy to see you" is good.

MR. MARSTON seems to regret the demise of the three-volume novel, and his view of the new six-shilling system is compact and interesting:

The truth is this: of an average novel the libraries buy as few as they possibly can, frequently not as many as they used to buy in the three-volume form; and if they will not set the example the public assuredly will not buy. I am aware, of course, that there are exceptions, but only sufficient to prove the rule. In the three-volume days the risk of producing an average novel was reduced to a minimum. Now it can hardly be produced at all, except with a positive certainty of loss, for now there is nobody to buy, and borrow they cannot, because the libraries confine their purchases almost wholly to the books by authors who have been fortunate enough to get a hold on the public. All others—good, bad, or indifferent—are alike shunted. This is, of course, good for the libraries, but surely it is bad for young authors and too venturesome publishers.

YOUNG novelists and would-be novelists might do well to ponder the advice just given by Herr Gustav Freytag to a student who had sent him the MS. of a novel for his opinion. Herr Freytag excused himself for not reading the novel, and then wrote (his words have a direct application to many a young man now in business, or in a non-literary profession, who "thinks seriously of taking to literature"):

Even if you possessed the greatest poetical power, and a talent for narrative as great as that of Walter Scott, Dickens, and others of the best, you ought not at present to think of putting your scientific studies into the background, and risk your future existence on novel writing or other poetical activity. You must first, by serious work and the position it may make for you among your fellow-men, ripen to manhood, and you must gain a certain mastery over life before you can have the right to idealise in an artistic work the fate of man. On the path you now are inclined to follow you will only reap disappointment and probably a speedy decline of your powers.

In the empty and uncertain existence of an "author," you will only learn to know the time imperfectly and from the wrong side. Observation alone does not educate a man, it needs above all a firm position in a circle of worldly interests and clear duties. As a young author you would, after a half-success, only be able to gain a tolerably secure place as a journalist, a profession very unfavourable to artistic creation. My warning is the result of what I have observed during my life of the fate of many young writers, and it is a truth which I have repeatedly had cause to state; for the number of those who, like you, would like to choose the pleasant game of free invention instead of the self-denial and exertion of scientific research, is very great.

Whether your talent is strong enough to support your whole life, I can say as little as any other man. If the impulse you have lasts, and the strength to carry it out, it will in any case break through all obstacles; and, if you now do your nearest duty perfectly, you may trust the future.

ON this subject Mr. Andrew Lang is also pessimistic in *Longman's Magazine*. Nobody, he bewails, can give to writers "security of tenure":

There are good reasons why educated young men should beware, more than ever, of drifting into either journalism or literature without some more regular profession or occupation or source of income. They may be superannuated at thirty-five, or the "fashionable age" may come to be fixed even earlier. Even novelists with a vogue must see that a vogue is often ephemeral. Above all, times unpropitious for the providers of mere luxuries are coming upon us: and books are the first luxuries which people cut down. The "softness" of the penman's "job"

attracts people; it is amusing, too, and offers a promise of notoriety, if not of fame. But it becomes less and less of a stable and permanent job; the recruit of to-day is a veteran (and often not "a useful veteran") the day after to-morrow. Lawyers, doctors, dentists are not superannuated so rapidly. My sermon is accurate, but, like other sermons, will be unprofitable.

AN Edgbaston correspondent asks for the authorship of the following lines:

Thou art dead—who lived so well.
Thou art dead: but who can tell
Of the wondrous blood of thee,
Enriched by thy fertility?
In the veins of each sweet child
Runs a torrent undefiled, &c.

THE Rev. Walter Hobbhouse, head master of Durham Grammar School, has been appointed editor of the *Guarlian*, in succession to Mr. Lathbury.

Bibliographical.

RUSKIN, Blackmore, G. W. Stevens, Canon Dixon, and W. E. Tirebuck—all have passed from us since this column last appeared. In the case of Mr. Blackmore and Mr. Stevens there is not much for bibliography to do, the achievement of each having been limited—in the one case from choice, in the other from necessity. In Mr. Ruskin's case the bibliographers had long been on the writer's track. The author of *Modern Painters*, like all great modern men of letters, had enjoyed fame during his lifetime, and had had both his biography and his bibliography "brought up to date." Canon Dixon, it is safe to say, had no great vogue. His work in verse was known to, and spoken kindly of, by a few, including Mr. Swinburne; but it will hardly attract much bibliographical enthusiasm. The latest volume from his pen that I have handled was his little collection of *Songs and Odes*, in the "Shilling Garland" (1896). Previously to that we had had (in 1891) a second edition of the most considerable of his performances—*Mano: a Poetical History in Four Books*, which first saw the light in 1883. In 1891 also we had the fourth (and, I suppose, last) volume of his *Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*. He is enshrined, of course, in that elaborate "omnium gatherum," *The Poets and the Poetry of the Century*, wherein he is celebrated by that penetrating and authoritative critic, Mr. Alfred Miles. But even that distinction, perhaps, will not secure to him the popular appreciation which, I fancy, whatever they may say, all verse-writers are anxious to obtain. Mr. Tirebuck was a native of Liverpool, where he became connected with the journalistic profession, and was for some years on the staff of the *Liverpool Mail*. Some six years ago he retired from journalism. He was the author of some critical and biographical works, among which may be mentioned *Great Minds in Art*, published in Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Lives Worth Living" series in 1888. He also wrote many novels, of which *Saint Margaret* was the first.

Somebody with leisure should set to work and write the history of the Literary or Dramatic Sequel. Mr. George Alexander reopens the St. James's Theatre on February 1 with Mr. Hawkins's dramatisation of his own *Rupert of Hentzau*, and the manager announces that he will give, during the "run" of "Rupert," afternoon performances of "The Prisoner of Zenda," so that those enthusiasts who like to pass the afternoon and evening of a day in Ruritania can do so. This is excellent as an idea, however it may prove in practice; and one wonders why something of the sort has not occurred to somebody before. Have modern playgoers ever been invited to witness in the same twenty-four hours representations of the two parts of

"Henry IV."; or, still worse, the three parts of "Henry VI."? Something might be said, from the educational point of view, for playing "Julius Cæsar" in the afternoon and "Antony and Cleopatra" in the evening of a day; but exertion of that sort is impossible, perhaps, to anybody but schoolgirls. Could any average person survive immediately-successive performances of "Our American Cousin" and "Lord Dundreary Married and Settled," of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" and "The Ticket-of-Leave Man's Wife," and other such daring combinations? In the case of prose fiction, the thing is different. If the sequel in book form bores you, you can put it down.

My reference last week to the late Mr. C. P. Mason and his educational works has brought me several interesting communications—one, for example, from an experienced schoolmaster in the N.E. district, who testifies eloquently to the merits of Mr. Mason's books on English grammar; another, from a dweller in County Down, Ireland, who was a pupil of Mr. Mason's at Denmark Hill Grammar School between 1853 and 1857, and who evidently has many pleasant recollections of his stay there. "Living in this part of the kingdom," he writes, "I have, through all these years, heard little or nothing of our old school-master or of any of my schoolfellows. Would it be possible to get the 'old boys' of Denmark Hill together? I would go all the way to London for such a re-union." I should be very glad to hear from "old boys" on this subject.

Two correspondents are so kind as to address me on the subject of my remarks on a proposed selection from Mr. George Meredith's prose epigrams. Both remind me of the production in Boston, U.S.A., in 1888 (with an introduction, fifty pages long, by Mr. R. F. Gilman), of an anthology called *The Pilgrim's Scrip; or, Wit and Wisdom of George Meredith*. I was, of course, aware of the existence of that book, though I have never seen a copy of it. And one of my correspondents, writing from Edgbaston, Birmingham, says: "It may serve to illustrate the short term of life books have in America, when I say that I searched New York and Boston for a copy of this some six or eight years ago, and even in the publisher's own shop was unable to find one."

I can quite believe that "Mr. Richard Mansfield, the New York actor, has written a volume of essays composed of studies in dramatic literature and other matters dealing with the stage." Mr. Mansfield is a very clever man, and particularly nimble with his pen. I have on my shelves a play which he wrote (and produced in America) on the subject of Don Juan. But why call him "the New York actor"? He is not an American. His youth and early professional life were spent in England. He was educated at Derby School, and learned his "art" in the British provinces.

Prof. Goldwin Smith is showing great cerebral activity in his old age. The other day he gave us two solid volumes on the United Kingdom, and now we are promised one on *Shakespeare the Man*. That naturally reminds us that we still await Mr. Frank Harris's book on the same subject and with the same, or nearly the same, title. Why tarrieth it? Invincible is this desire to penetrate into the personality of the Bard, despite Matthew Arnold's confident assertion that it is not to be discovered. I remember that Mr. Gerald Massey used to lecture a good many years ago on "The Moral Shakespeare." But Mr. Arnold was right, I believe, after all.

It is pleasant to know that "The Golden Legend" (not Longfellow's, I'faith) is to be included in the pretty "Temple Classics," and that the text will be vouched for by Mr. F. S. Ellis. There is evidently a revival of interest in the work, for it is only fifteen months or so since an elegant little volume, called *Leaves from the Golden Legend*, was put upon the English book market. Mr. Ellis's text, I take it, will be complete.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Theology of the Day.

Christian Mysticism (Bampton Lectures for 1899). By William Ralph Inge, M.A. (Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.)

Idealism and Theology: a Study of Presuppositions (Donellan Lectures, 1897-8). By Charles F. d'Arcy, B.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

The Apostle Paul's Reply to Lord Halifax. By Walter Wynn. (Elliot Stock.)

A Free Inquiry into the Origin of the Fourth Gospel. By P. G. Sense, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.)

Introduction to the New Testament. By F. Godet, D.D. Translated by William Affleck, B.D. (T. & T. Clark.)

The First Three Gospels in Greek, Arranged in Parallel Columns. By Colin Campbell, D.D. Second edition. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

MYSTICISM, in its wide sense—the immediate stretching forth of the soul towards the Divine—is an air breathed by all religions, alike of East and West. Christian mysticism, in these Bampton lectures, Dr. Inge traces through St. Augustine and Plotinus (who, outside the Church, was the perfecter of Platonism) to Plato, “the father of European mysticism”:

Both the great types of mystics may appeal to him—those who try to rise through the visible to the invisible, through Nature to God, . . . and those who distrust sensuous representations as tending “to nourish appetites which ought to starve,” who look upon this earth as a place of banishment, upon material things as a veil which hides God's face from us, and who bid us “flee away from hence as quickly as may be,” to “seek yonder,” in the realm of the ideas, the heart's true home.

The true Christian mysticism is distinguished from Platonism pure and simple, inasmuch as it “follows St. Paul in choosing as its ultimate goal the fulness of Christ, and not the emptiness of indifferentiated Godhead.”

In an appendix to this learned and temperate treatise Mr. Inge considers the erotic mysticism to the revival of which, particularly among English Roman Catholics, so great an impetus was given by the appearance of Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Unknown Eros* odes; though of Patmore the Bampton lecturer has nothing to say. His conclusions are eminently sane and uninteresting:

. . . We are forced to remember that in our mysteriously constituted minds the highest and lowest emotions lie very near together; and those who have chosen a life of detachment from earthly ties must be especially on their guard against the “occasional revenges” which the lower nature, when thwarted, is always plotting against the higher.

In *Idealism and Theology* the Rev. Charles F. d'Arcy reviews the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion from the standpoint of modern idealism. “Christian theism is the final philosophy”—so boldly does he enunciate his thesis. To him idealism is “the true stepping-stone to an appreciation of the philosophic value of theology.” Christian theism is to be established “by making use of idealism to gain a higher position.” All that is valuable in idealism “will be found to have taken its place in the higher system.” It is not possible to do more in this place than to indicate the standpoint of this notable book. Materialism, as a system, no longer holds what it had won. The fallacy it involves inevitably betrays itself to the earnest thinker. Matter may, indeed, win recognition, but its recognition implies a something, not itself, which recognises it and reasons about it. And that—call it mind or spirit—is, therefore, logically antecedent to it—nay, we are within our right in going further and proclaiming matter to be altogether contingent. We may, if we like, suppose it really to exist; but all we

perceive is our own sensations and the relations between them. “Matter is thus explicable in terms of mind, while mind is not explicable in terms of matter.”

Is the world, therefore, phantasmal—a mere show of fireworks let off against a background of nothingness? No, it is real; for it is a common possession: the appeal is to the experience, not of one, but of many. For at this point the idealist breaks away from the tyranny of mere logic, which would identify the universe with the individual percipient, and acknowledges himself to be one of many similar beings. Finally, as the idealist teaches that every element in the material world implies a spiritual principle which makes it possible, so Mr. d'Arcy seeks “to make plain the principles which underlie the possibility of a spiritual universe in which mind stands over against mind and will against will.” This design he works out with an ingenuity that may or may not carry conviction to the reader—for in this matter temperament is everything—but must certainly excite interest and admiration.

We step down on to another plane in opening *The Apostle Paul's Reply to Lord Halifax*. The general aim of the Rev. Walter Wynn, its author, may be gathered from the title. The Epistle to the Galatians is an eager protestation of the liberty of Christians from the vexatious ceremonialism of the Jewish law. It is possible to apply the argument of its writer against ceremonialism in the Christian churches, at least by way of analogy. Quite a strong case, as is fully realised by the apologists of sacerdotal Christianity, may thus be made out. But Mr. Wynn seems not to understand that the Apostle is addressing himself to the consideration of one particular ceremonial system; and further, that the argument from analogy can render, at the most, but a probable conclusion. His manner, too, is unfortunate; it is singularly ill-fitted to persuade. Neither can one who reverences the genius who did more than any one man, save his Master, to mould the mind of Christendom, easily stomach the wordy, acrimonious paraphrase by which Mr. Wynn, projecting himself into the person of the Apostle of the Gentiles, would present to the English Church Union the true sense of his deathless words. Besides, Mr. Wynn lets his prepossessions run so furiously away with him! St. Paul wrote: “Paul an Apostle. . .” In the course of six solid pages of elaboration, we read: “Peter did not ordain me, nor James, nor any of the church officials at Jerusalem.” Upon which two comments may fairly be made: that the writer of the Epistle does relate that at the conclusion of his three years' retreat in Arabia (upon which he entered shortly after receiving a revelation of his apostolic commission on his way to Damascus) he went up to Jerusalem, and there for some time remained in communion with Peter and other “church officials”—at which time he may very well have received holy orders by the laying on of hands; and, secondly, that the denial of his apostolate does not imply a negation of his priesthood, any more than—to take an historical parallel—in the days of the Great Schism the refusal to recognise a certain papal election implied a doubt as to the episcopal consecration of the putative pope. Of course, it is not for a reviewer in a secular paper to set himself to prove any theory of the Christian ministry. Our attitude towards the questions which rend the National Church at this moment is neutral. Judging Mr. Wynn's paraphrase, therefore, merely upon its merits, we find it ill-adapted to win assent from those to whom it is addressed, and too bitterly declamatory not to meet with a welcome from the more violent of those whose views tally with his own.

Mr. Sense is a man with a theory, which he would crown with a practical corollary. His theory is that the Gospel known by the name of the Beloved Disciple was in its main outline the composition of Cerinthus. Now Cerinthus was a heretic; whose teaching, as we learn from Ireneus, was in effect, that upon the man Jesus descended at His baptism, in the form of a dove, Christ—an emana-

tion from the Deity; that at the crucifixion Christ went forth out of the person of Jesus, Jesus died. The author of the Fourth Gospel narrates the descent of the form of a dove upon Jesus at His baptism; he says nothing of the dove's going forth. And here it is that Mr. Sense, breaking boldly away from the traditional respect for the written word, proposes to supply (in xix. 34) for "forth-with came there out blood and water"—". . . and a dove." This startling suggestion he backs by a reference to the authentic history of the martyrdom of Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna in the second century, which throughout preserves a remarkable parallelism with the Fourth Gospel. There it may be read—for despite the ingenuity of mystified commentators the phrase has survived—how, when the flames failed to consume the old man's body, the executioner pierced it with a sword and "there came forth a dove and a quantity of blood." Having made his emendation, Mr. Sense goes through the whole Evangel with a blue pencil, scoring out the passages inconsistent with his hypothesis. These inflations he attributes in bulk to a revision "committee" assembled under Irenæus; and a good deal of rather intemperate language is poured out upon the head of these unscrupulous clergymen. At this point Mr. Sense works himself up into hot anger against a principle which he designates, by a vocable unknown to Dr. Murray, Credonism. This nefarious spirit he discovers at the root of most social evils. He proposes, therefore, the foundation of a society for the practice of Christian virtues (we seem to have heard of something of the sort before) from which even bishops and deans shall not be excluded, but only their distinctive dress. Also that the practice of confession among Roman Catholics shall be created a criminal offence. Mr. Sense thinks "there would be no difficulty" in enforcing this regulation. In spite of his many lapses from good taste and practical wisdom, from correct grammar and orthography (the habit of writing "impassable" when he means "impassible" does not inspire us with confidence in our theologian), Mr. Sense has written an interesting and suggestive book.

Of a very different temper is Dr. Godet's *Introduction to the New Testament*, of which we have from the hand of Mr. William Affleck a tolerable translation of a part of the second volume. Dr. Godet's first volume comprised the Pauline Epistles. The present instalment discusses the origin of the four Gospels, and treats in detail that according to Matthew. Dr. Godet rejects the theory which, in various forms, is generally favoured by exponents of the Higher Criticism both in this country and upon the Continent—that, namely, which derives the Synoptic Gospels mainly from two sources: the writings of Mark for the narrative parts, and the "Sayings" of Matthew for the teachings of Jesus. Also, with Zahn (*History of the Canon of the New Testament*), he attributes the formation of the four-fold Gospel, not to the second half of the second century, but to the end of the first. He sees the three authentic biographies emerging from the crowd of more or less puerile documents in which the wilder spirits had clothed their fancies, and receiving at Ephesus the seal of the last of the apostolic band. In the fourth he discerns a document from the hand of the Beloved Disciple himself, designed especially to supplement from the treasure-house of his memory the scanty record of those three years' teaching. Thus the universal Church, by a kind of instinct, singled out those pictures of her Founder which the corroboration of 1800 years has approved. In the quadruple Gospel is revealed the Christ in four several aspects:

That Christ of Matthew, in whom are revealed the riches of the work of God in the past of Israel; that Christ of Luke, a living germ of the future of the regenerated world; that Christ of Mark, acting, speaking, living before our eyes in His glorious and incomparable present; in fine, that Christ of John, hovering above the past, the present, and the future, like the eternal God whose image He is.

The Decadent Cuckoo.

Our Common Cuckoo, and other Cuckoos and Parasitical Birds.

By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. (Burleigh. 6s.)

DR. JAPP has here fulfilled an ambition he shares with other modern naturalists—viz., to write a long book about the cuckoo. To our elders it was a poet's bird: "Loud crieth cucku" was spring's unmistakable symbol, and this went on till past Wordsworth's day. But Dr. Japp's interest is more scientific than literary, and he doubts if the bards of old would have dared to glorify the bird had his history been known. It is testified by infallible signs that the nation of cuckoos is in decay. First, the males outnumber the females to the tune of seven to one, say some naturalists; others have it twenty. This saps all virtue, for as is well known the domesticities count for as much among the citizens of the air as among us poor plumelless ephemerals. The most affectionate of birds is the bullfinch—tender to his wife, kind to his children, faithful even to a human friend, and, as might be expected, he mates for life. When the last scarlet hips are rotting on the bare hedgerow, you may still see him and the wife he courted in the greenwood eating and roosting together. But the cuckoo is at the other end of the scale. He has not the decency to stick to his wife even for a season, and she spends summer flirting with a succession of males, and laying eggs from about the 9th of April to the middle of June. A lady robin or hedge-sparrow, knowing that she will have to feed and nurse her offspring, takes care that they shall not number more than four or five. The cuckoo doesn't care. Without making a nest she lays her egg at the hedge root, and then flies with it in her mouth to the first home that comes handy. She does not even inquire into the character of the nurse, since her egg has been found among those of over a hundred species, ranging in size from the wren to the wood-pigeon. From so careless and disreputable a parent is it reasonable to expect any but a monstrous progeny? But the young cuckoo, though wicked, is interesting. Indeed he presents to students of evolution a problem that becomes more difficult and fascinating as the facts become more fully ascertained. When newly out of the shell, the naked, feeble, sprawling monster proceeds to shoulder his foster chicks or eggs out of the nest. Long after Jenner's famous observation naturalists refused to believe a story so contradictory of nature's usual methods. If true it meant that an incalculable number of our sweetest and most harmless birds are annually sacrificed to preserve the worthless cuckoo. Further, it is a cardinal doctrine of evolution that a counter instinct is developed to meet every destructive one. Here there is nothing of the kind. Mr. Japp is not only able to reproduce the testimony of witnesses like Mrs. Blackburn and Mr. Hancock, and Mr. John Craig and Mr. Scot Miller—who show the process by a series of instantaneous photographs—but he furnishes proof that the mother acquiesces in this murder of her rightful progeny, and lavishes her kindness on the usurper. So much is now placed beyond the region of controversy. There are naturalists who go further, and say with Tom Speedy that a little bird like the wren will sometimes starve itself to feed the big foster-child, and though this is probably an over-statement, it is certain that many species take kindly to nursing the young cuckoo. Equally well known is it that little birds will sometimes mob an old one, as they do a hawk or an owl.

There is much about the cuckoo that, though curious, is open to plausible explanation. The present writer is of opinion that in regard to variation in cuckoos' eggs there has been much exaggerated writing. Within limits, variation occurs in the eggs of every species of bird; but a collection of nearly two hundred cuckoos' eggs made in the Home Counties during the last three or four years shows no such difference in the markings as a merely book student might expect to see. That a cuckoo can

adapt her egg to match in colour those of a particular nest we believe to be a fable. Many of those referred to were placed in the home of the hedge-sparrow; but not one is blue. One cannot dispute that a cuckoo might produce eggs of this colour, but, though Dr. Japp fully accepts it, the evidence of Messrs. Seeböhm and Elwes is not conclusive. It amounts to this, that they believed that on breaking one they found on the embryo the characteristic zygodactile foot of the species. But how easy to make a mistake when dealing with the very tiny foot of a chick found in an egg remarkable for its smallness! At any rate, a blue cuckoo's egg is most rare.

But the murderous instinct of the nestling leaves a question unsettled in natural history. It cannot be inherited. If, as is generally supposed, the migration of the cuckoo shows that its original *habitat* became unsuitable, we may assume that in prehistoric times it hatched out its own young. In India and America the species does so still, though Dr. Japp insists on the evidence that parasitism is growing among them too. At what period, then, in this decaying process does the nestling begin to eject those who would otherwise shorten its food supply? To say that the instinct is supernaturally implanted would be tantamount to asserting that, with one bird at least, the spirit of evil had had his way; and the evolutionary hypothesis is equally at fault. There is nothing to fit the case. Perhaps some brilliant Darwin of the future may be able to suggest an adequate explanation. In the meantime, Dr. Alexander Japp has done excellent service by getting together this body of definite and trustworthy information. We are sorry not to be able to congratulate him on his illustrations—some of the more interesting are badly reproduced, and the list at the beginning is incorrect. There are no pictures on p. 28, and Mrs. Blackburn's drawing is on 13, not 15.

"Battles Long Ago."

The Franco-German War, 1870-71. By Generals and other Officers who took part in the Campaign. Translated and Edited by Major-General J. F. Maurice and others. (Sonnenschein. 21s.)

AFTER the arid Official History of the Campaign of 1870-71 had sufficiently bored even ardent soldiers, a desire arose for a popular account, in which the living forces, national and individual, that "rode the whirlwind" should be more vividly realised. This book, now first made English, is the result. It is an admirable performance, resplendent with knowledge, dignity, and conscience. It must take a foremost place in every military library. But we cannot say that even this book, despite its many and crying merits, appeals to us primarily as a plastic human record. For its human agency is occasionally as impersonal as its events, and both, amazing as they are, astound us with a sense of Brobdignagian machinery. We are oppressed by the whirl and clang of innumerable wheels and hammers doing their appointed work with the god distinctly out of the contrivance.

But here and there souls whom one can visualise take shape in the crowd of mere names. General von Hartmann, Commander of the Second Bavarian Corps on the field of Wörth, presented the painter Bleibtreu with an unconscious portrait of himself that challenges comparison with the choicest of its kind. He wrote:

It was a heart-stirring thought for me that I had been present at the battle of Waterloo in 1815, and that I had in 1870-71 led an army corps against the enemy, on the 6th of August, in my seventy-sixth year; that I had remained on horseback for fully seventeen hours, at Fröschweiler, Reichshofen, and Niederbrunn, and had had no food all day except a piece of the privates' black bread. I was enabled to do this by the great cause for which I fought. On my

jubilee day, on the 1st of December, all the cherished reminiscences of the campaign, of the kindness and hearty sympathy which was shown me in every quarter, and especially by the Crown Prince, came back to me and found expression in words of heart-stirring joy and deep gratitude. The wreath of laurel which my most gracious master sent me at Chatenay, by his Excellency General Blumenthal, lies in my room, on a vase made by Benvenuto Cellini, and the Prince's honour-conferring words, carefully framed, are hung up near it. I thank the Almighty for this beautiful evening of my life, and my prayer is that it may in no way be embittered.

Night has closed over the glorious old man, and in the day that has since dawned his Wörth seems as obsolete as his Waterloo. Nearly thirty years ago a child pored over a slight contemporary record of the war, full of pictures. Now the same eyes explore the pages of this weighty history, again in search of pictures. There is a riotous abundance of them, and they are so much alive as to supply the vitality we sometimes miss in the text. But as combat after combat is disclosed, one is haunted by the notion that one views the battles of a lapsed warfare. Cataracts of sabre and cuirass rave around clubbed masses of men fringed with fire and volleying multitudinous smoke. Hundreds of acres are ridged with bayonets, and at the centre of each frantic line dance the delirious colours. Armies face armies with a turnip-field between them, and blaze away like princes at a battue. Officers cross blades at the head of their battalions like champions in a ballad. And while the majesty of the catastrophe is Miltonic, huge bodies of troops move, as troops probably will never move again, save in destined error, in Miltonic "rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings." For it is more than possible that the Arcadians of the Veldt are teaching the nations a new Art of War.

History for the General Reader.

The United Kingdom: a Political History. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. 2 vols. (Macmillans. 15s. net.)

SOME years ago a team of English cricketers had returned from a tour in Canada, in the course of which they had spent a few days at Toronto. An Oxford tutor asked his pupil who had been of the company, whether they had met Goldwin Smith. "Oh," said the ingenuous youth, "we did meet an old fellow called Smith, who talked a fearful amount of rot." An older generation recalls the brilliant Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and the Joint Secretary with Dean Stanley of the first Universities' (Oxford) Commission of 1854. The present writer remembers with delight a chance meeting with a stranger who turned out to be the quondam Oxford professor, one of the most brilliant talkers of his time. Mr. Goldwin Smith has given the world far too little literary work at any period of his life, and much of what he has done is avowedly of an ephemeral character. His most substantial achievement in point of bulk, to use the writer's own expression, "has been performed by the hand of extreme old age."

Mr. Goldwin Smith may be described as almost the last of our literary historians. There is little or no trace in his works of that laborious research into manuscript and muniment room, which a more scientific age seems to demand from its instructors. To him the merit of his written work would seem to be not in its appeal to new material, but in its literary dress. There is little attempt at a dispassionate statement of facts: the author's political and religious opinions colour every page. Whatever may be the case in his other writings, the author's avowed intention here is "to give the ordinary reader . . . a clear, connected, and succinct view of the political history of the United Kingdom as it appears in the light of recent

research and discussion," but a list of the chief works and authors which he has consulted shows us that the research and discussion are not his own, but that of acknowledged masters of the craft. It would then be a captious criticism to say that Mr. Goldwin Smith is not absolutely up to date in his treatment of some important periods and subjects. He has nothing to say of Roman Britain. For him the history of the island begins with the coming of the English tribes. The substance of the few pages that he devotes to the Anglo-Saxon period is drawn entirely from the writings of Dr. Stubbs and Mr. Freeman; but the historical student knows that however much we owe to these two great past-masters in historical craft, recent research has profoundly modified many of their most important conclusions. Dr. Stubbs would probably be the first to acknowledge this. But of any such modifications the reader of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book would be utterly unconscious. Indeed, the very small space of fifteen pages into which the writer has compressed all that he thinks it necessary that the "ordinary reader" should know about the six hundred years before the Norman Conquest, betrays a rather unpardonable ignorance of the modern literature on the subject or of the importance attached by recent investigators to this long period in the making of the nation.

The question of proportion of treatment in narrative history is always a difficult one. Ordinarily the historian accepts the division of mediæval from modern history at the close of the fifteenth century, and divides in the proportion of one-third to two-thirds respectively.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's work extends to eleven hundred pages, of which three hundred bring us to Henry VIII., and the remaining eight hundred are spent on the more modern period. Apart from his evident predilection for recent centuries, the author would defend his division on the ground that "the histories of Scotland and Ireland now mingle their streams with that of the history of England." But considering the title of the book—the United Kingdom—the space given to the rest of the British Isles is disappointingly small. "The title of the United Kingdom," says our author, speaking of the union of the Scottish and English Parliaments in 1707, "was to be 'Great Britain,' which, however, its want of simplicity, combined with the force of tradition, has prevented from effectually displacing that of 'England' in the language of the world." To these influences, despite his evident intention, Mr. Goldwin Smith has unconsciously succumbed. Again, the only excuse on which, in our opinion, the writer might have based his disproportionate treatment of the mediæval and modern period would have been the ground of the imperial growth during the last two centuries. A single chapter of not quite fifty pages, at the end of the book, does not satisfy our sense of proportion. This is not the modern history for the general reader who is filled with the imperial spirit. Perhaps that spirit is of too recent a growth yet to find its historical exponent. We may confidently expect that the English histories of the future, when dealing with the last two centuries, will deal not so much with the obscure and unedifying party politics of the British Parliament as with the marvellous expansion of the nation. Meanwhile, no one would have been so fit as Mr. Goldwin Smith to point the way in which such history should be written. But to our thinking he has lost himself too much in the questions of religion and politics with which historians of past generations chiefly busied themselves. The battles that raged round the names of Arminian and Puritan, Whig and Tory, are too real for him, and he cannot refrain from taking sides. In his hands the great contests of English history far too much assume the form of the "good soldiers" and the "bad soldiers" of our children's games.

But, after all, this method of treating history is only a drawback in the eyes of serious students. To the general reader, for whom Mr. Goldwin Smith intends his book,

this partisanship, whether conscious or unconscious, will only lend force to the brilliant and incisive style. Such a reader may rather find a hindrance in the extreme allusiveness which seems to take for granted a very considerable knowledge of the groundwork of historical facts; indeed, the whole two volumes are rather a brilliant essay on English history, with the interpretative interest that belongs to the essay form, than a narrative account of events. To the ordinary reader, then, for whom it was written, we may cordially recommend this literary treatment of the story of England's past. Since the appearance of Mr. J. R. Green's *Shorter History of the English People* there has been none with such literary finish. The sentences have all the incisiveness of youth; the judgments, though often ingrained with prejudice, represent the thought of a vigorous and able mind. This History will not take a permanent place in English literature; but we are glad that the author yielded to the importunities of his friends. The result is an eminently readable, if somewhat ephemeral, volume.

Light on Darkest Africa.

In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country. By A. B. Lloyd. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

THIS, we believe, is a first book. Mr. Lloyd gives a clear, full, and interesting account of his journey across Africa from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo in suitable, natural English. If Mr. Lloyd did not realise when he left England, in 1894, how varied are the gifts that the Gospel vanguard is called upon to exercise, he soon learned that a missionary's life is by no means that of a Sunday-school teacher every day of the week. Here is his own view after a few weeks' experience:

He is a teacher, but he must also be a builder, for houses, cattle-pens, stores, and out-houses have to be constructed by the missionary. He must also be a doctor of medicine and a dentist; he must dose the sick natives, who will trust him implicitly to cure them of even leprosy, and he must be able to draw the most solidly-rooted molar that ever grew in the skull of a black man. More than this, he must be his own cobbler, and when his boots wear out he must be able to re-sole them with good understandings; and must be content sometimes with nothing but a few French nails and a piece of cowhide with which to accomplish it. His own socks he must darn, and keep his temper while he does it. . . . He must be his own carpenter and house decorator, as well as furniture maker. . . . But he must also be his own lawyer, accountant, and book-keeper, and when the currency takes the form of cowrie shells, as it does in Uganda (where three hundred tiny cowries make a shilling), it is not easy to keep the accounts right. He must marry and divorce, give judgments, and baptize. He must be gardener, cook, and dairymaid; grow his own food and look after his live stock. In addition to all this he is the parish minister to help and comfort all who come to him.

Through all these little trials Mr. Lloyd goes rejoicing along. But he faced many real hardships and dangers as well. Fevers and chills, drenchings and exposure to the burning sun, were frequent incidents of his march up country; and it can hardly have been consoling to know, as he did daily in part of his march up country, that if any of his bearers dropped out from fatigue or laziness they promptly formed part of the next meal of the tribes on either side of his route. Now and then an unfriendly black was apt to stick his spear through the tent side—as one did to a colleague of Mr. Lloyd's, piercing the very bed on which he lay, but happily leaving him un wounded. But more serious and steady peril awaited him when he reached Uganda, for it was the time of the Soudanese rebellion; and he himself was a good deal under fire in the series of fights which happily ended in the breaking

of the power of Mwanga and Kabarega last April. This seems a strange entry for a missionary's diary:

I was standing by my men, who were firing volleys at intervals under a very heavy return fire from the rebels, when a bullet struck my hat, piercing the crown and just missing my skull. Then a rush was made upon the left flank, which was occupied by the Waganda, and who retired. It was with the greatest difficulty that I got my men turned in time to meet the attack. My boys, who had accompanied me on this occasion, also displayed great bravery. I was next sent up to the right flank to look after a Sikh who had been badly wounded. I found the poor fellow dying, and while I was by his side another rush was made upon us, and about twenty desperate fellows came charging down upon us, firing as they advanced. However, our Maxim was turned upon them, and they retired a little only to renew their efforts in a similar way; this time the Maxim jammed and had to be carried to the rear; we turned our flank and a second time repulsed them.

For pages, in fact, Mr. Lloyd is acting as a very capable war correspondent as well as a courageous combatant when he has to take his share. The little word-picture of the Soudanese captain who, after his right arm had been shattered, drew his revolver with his left, and despatched the rebel who had killed his white leader, is one that haunts the reader. But to many the most attractive passages will be those in which Mr. Lloyd tells of his brief intercourse with the Pigmies. His introduction to them was nearly fatal, for he was out shooting for the camp pot when, having failed to make a bag, he saw what he thought was a monkey. He had all but let fly when his "boy" stopped him with "Don't fire; it's a man!" Subsequent acquaintance proved the Pigmies to be pleasant, sharp little fellows. They are only four feet in height, but they are

broad-chested, with muscles finely developed, short, thick neck, and small bullet head; the lower limbs were massive and strong to a degree. The chest was covered with black, curly hair, and most of the men wore thick, black beards. Each carried either bow and quiver of arrows, or short throwing spear. Round their arms they wore iron rings, and some of them had these round their necks also. The women were very comely little creatures, and most attractive, with very light skins—lighter even than the men, being a light tan colour; the usual flat nose and thick lips of the negro and black curly hair; but their eyes were of singular beauty, so bright and quick and restless they were that not for a second did they seem to fix their gaze on anything.

From these few extracts it will be seen how pleasantly and picturesquely Mr. Lloyd can describe the incidents of his eventful journey; and the photographs and pictures which accompany his text, in spite of the losses caused by stampeding elephants and the like, deserve the highest praise. On the whole it is a light, bright book on a dark land, containing the unassuming record of a great deal of quiet courage and dominant common sense, such as one would expect from one who can traverse Africa practically unarmed.

The Tragedy.

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought
of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

From "*The Man with the Hoe, and other Poems*," by Edwin Markham.

Fiction.

In Connection with the de Willoughby Claim. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (F. Warne & Co. 6s.)

It is not to be denied that Mrs. Burnett can tell a tale, and put into it some imagination. This book is better than the author's recent productions. It is of America, and almost of the present time; and we may hope now that she has finished with her excursions into England and the eighteenth century. When we consider *His Grace of Osmond*, with its ingenious but sterile invention, and then this large, complicated, spontaneous, forcible picture of a national life which she really understands, we lament that Mrs. Burnett has wasted so much time on things British. The story begins before the Civil War, in a remote village of North Carolina, where huge Tom de Willoughby, estranged from his family by their fault, passes his existence in good-humouredly pretending to keep the post-office and a store. It was inevitable, perhaps, that huge Tom, who had once nearly been a doctor, should usher into the world a helpless girl, and should adopt her—the mother dying and the supposed father deserting. Felicia's queenly life in the rough village is done according to Bret Harte, but done well and sincerely. From such an inception the most elaborate intrigue is made to expand itself, and Mrs. Burnett is obliged, again and again, to throw back in her narrative so that, family by family and group by group, the characters may be fully presented. Felicia ultimately marries a handsome cousin, and the divulging of the mystery of her birth makes a melodramatic chapter in the history of a famous preacher. The whole book is tinged with melodrama, and we are bound to say that the author relies too often upon an effect of pathos, and exhibits a strong prejudice against certain characters. These three defects apart, the matter of the tale is sound, and some of it is brilliant. The recital of Margery's death, and the episode of Susan Chapman are indeed excellent.

Mrs. Burnett writes as crudely as ever, and this is a great pity. She does not always even achieve grammar:

He invested in tons of machinery, which were continually arriving from the North, or stopping on the way when it should have been arriving.

As regards the writing, the most annoying part of the book is the dialogue. When Mrs. Burnett uses dialect her dialogue is quite convincing, but when her characters speak English they usually lapse into something which is as unlike human conversation as it well could be. Thus Margery, describing the minister to her *protégée*, the mill-girl:

"There is one gentleman who comes sometimes to see Mr. Barnard at the studio. He is so wonderful, it seems to me. He has travelled, and knows all about the great galleries and the pictures in them. He talks so beautifully that everyone listens when he comes in. . . . You would think he would not notice a plain little Willowfield girl, but he has been *lovely* to me, Susan. He has even looked at my work and criticised it for me, and talked to me. He nearly always talks to me a little when he comes in; and once I met him in the Gardens and he stopped and talked there, and walked about, looking at the flowers with me. They had been planting out the spring things, and it was like being in fairyland to walk about among them and hear the things he said about pictures. It taught me so much."

Margery never talked so. It is merely that Mrs. Burnett has reported her carelessly.

A Kiss for a Kingdom. By Bernard Hamilton. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

This novel is a different thing from *The Light*? by which Mr. Hamilton arrived at some sort of reputation. As he says in a quite unnecessary preface, it is founded on "simple fancy." The fancy, in truth, is over simple, and

there is no imagination at the back of it. Mr. Hamilton's hero is a broken-down baronet, Sir Ronald Dering, who answers an advertisement for a "gentleman of birth" to assist in a "hazardous business." The advertiser proves to be one Julius Cæsar Jones, a stage-Yankee with an income of a million or so a year. Mr. Jones wants a man with the "English tradition" of fidelity, and he explains himself thus:

"Well, you're honest anyway," he said, gazing forward at the shore growing quickly nearer, "but that's what I value you for. Other people are bound to me only by money, but you also by honour. Now we're alone I don't mind telling you, there's a girl, a beautiful girl, in the States. She's rich herself, but she says Amurricans can't do nothing else but pile up dollars. Well, it's pretty bad when a man of my age is took with a girl, 'specially a smart girl like Clorrie, but when she said that, I said, 'I'd do anything. You're my queen.' 'Very well,' says she, smart as you please, 'make me one. When you can make me a queen I'll marry you.' I couldn't get anything more out of her, but I've got her crown ready, right here in my gripsack, and I guess she won't have long to wait now. Lord, how I've loved that girl. And now we'll be king and queen together, and sit on thrones. In fact, I don't mind being a king myself. It's a great idea of Clorrie's. We millionaires learn how to get, but not how to spend. There's nothing very distinguished in being a millionaire nowadays. There're too many of us. I want to get out of the herd and be a king."

Mr. Jones does, in fact, become king—of the erstwhile Republic of San Marino, but only to be jilted by his Clorinda, and subsequently to be killed. There is much slaughter, of a peculiarly horrible kind, in the book. Ultimately Sir Ronald finds himself king, and then abdicates in order to marry and live peacefully with a lovely creature whom he met at the Café de la Paix in the first chapter.

Taken as a wild narrative, the book is readable and fairly diverting. It is by a clever writer who has yet to learn that few things are more distressing than literary flippancy. The plot is ingenious; some of the descriptions good, some of the situations dramatic; but all is marred by the author's scampering, sniggering method of narrative.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

SHAMELESS WAYNE.

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Mr. Sutcliffe is the novelist of the Yorkshire Moors, and here, as in *Ricraft of Withens*, we have a story of elemental passions set in a wild country. The terrific feuds of the Waynes and the Ratcliffes yield page after page that holds the reader. The story opens with these significant sentences: "The little old woman sat up in the belfry tower, knitting a woollen stocking and tolling the death-knell with her foot. She took two and seventy stitches between each stroke of the bell, and not the church-clock itself could reckon a minute more truly." (Unwin. 6s.)

FOLLY CORNER.

By MRS. HENRY E. DUDENEY.

Another strong study of marriage and heredity by the author of *The Maternity of Harriott Wicken*. The action passes in London and the country, and sombre backgrounds are the rule. A searching eye is brought to bear on sordid social conditions. Says one character: "When I was at the Buttery buying things of the cottagers I had a fixed rule by which I ingratiated myself. If a woman was under fifty I inquired after the baby; over fifty, I inquired after the bad leg. It sounds horrid, but was invariably successful." (Heinemann. 6s.)

A SECRET OF THE NORTH SEA. By ALGERNON GIS-ING.

A stirring story by the author of *The Scholar of Bygate*. Wind, and passions rage and range through it. A mother thus prays for her boy: "O mercifu' and powerfu' God! God o' the wind and water, o' the dark as weel as o' the light, have a care o' the lad ye hae taken from me! Guide him thro' the wild waste o' this world, and in Thy ain good time bring him safe back to me." (Chatto. 6s.)

A RISE IN THE WORLD.

By ADELINE SERGEANT.

A readable novel, opening with a committee meeting of the Society for the Help of Friendless Girls, attended by Lady Susan Pierrepont, the Hon. Ida Carruthers, the Countess of Astolat, the Hon. Mrs. Wyndham, and others. A servant-girl case brought forward quickly assumes a dramatic interest. The story of a rash youth's marriage and its sequel. (White & Co. 6s.)

TEMPEST-TOSSED.

By M. E. WINCHESTER.

The hero is a young medical student, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and indolent in consequence. His loves and fortunes make the story, which is readable enough. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

IN THE NEW PROMISED LAND.

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Translations of stories by the author of *Quo Vadis* are raining on us. This opens on an emigrant ship bound for America. The action passes on the Atlantic, in New York, and in a pioneer settlement. (Jarrold. 2s. 6d.)

NEGRO NOBODIES.

By NOËL DE MONTAGNAC.

"A negro—at least, a Jamaica negro—is frequently a man of such excellent character that one is glad to make his acquaintance. More than this, he can be something of a gentleman. The truth is, there are some fine black people in Jamaica, and here is a book concerning them." M. Montagnac's little book is added to the "Overseas Library." (Unwin. 2s.)

PHARAOH'S BROKER.

By ELLSWORTH DOUGLAS.

Another novel of Mars. The red planet is reached in a projectile by Dr. Anderwelt and a young broker of Chicago, named Isidor Werner, who had made a corner in wheat. Isidor stayed three years on Mars, and on the whole was distinctly bored, and glad to return to Earth. After again cornering wheat, and marrying Ruth, the author announces his intention of visiting Venus. (Pearson Ltd. 6s.)

IN LONDON'S HEART.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.

The inevitable is often the readable. Here we have the lights of London, money-lending, murder, detectives, a twin brother, "just deserts," and then: "A beautiful girl comes laughing through the orange trees, followed by a young man who is carrying her sunshade and her work." (Chatto. 6s.)

THROUGH FIRE TO FORTUNE.

By MRS. ALEXANDER.

The title of this story, by the author of *Brown, V.C.*, reveals its tenor. Lawyers and love, entails and engagements, manors and marriage. (Unwin.)

THE WOOING OF MONICA.

By L. T. MEADE.

A wicked guardian and a true lover woo Monica. The usual complications and the usual ways out of them are cleverly handled by Mrs. Meade. (White & Co. 6s.)

ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

By PHIL MARIL.

Two love stories and their complications, starting from the schooldays of the two heroes. There is a wicked Earl who is deservedly knocked down in a club. The end of a readable story of infidelity and dissipation is improbably happy. (Redway. 6s.)

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The Making of Ruskin.

THE mother of John Ruskin was one of those creatures to whom riches or poverty, culture or the comparative want of it, a sunny path or a grey, are of small account: she was "a prudent woman." She had the bright, firm efficiency to which everyone pays homage,

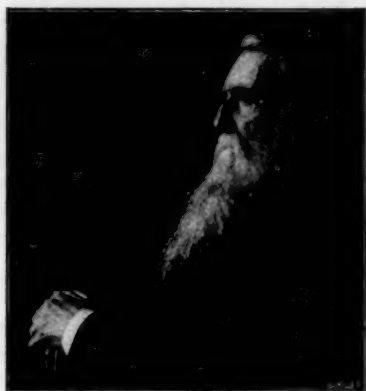


Photo by] JOHN RUSKIN. [F. Hollyer.

seeing in the person so endowed a centre of rightness and a spectacle of sure daily living. What England owes to such women is beyond statistical or philosophical reckoning; it is enough to contemplate a new and illustrious instance. Margaret Ruskin was not of a very good family, and she was not highly educated. Her father was a sailor, who sailed many times from Yarmouth in the herring business, and came home to Croydon to spoil his children in all matters except untruthfulness, which he visited with broom twigs. He died when his children were young. Margaret, a staid, clear-headed girl, and a born housewife, went to Scotland to keep house for the paternal grandfather of her future husband; her sister married a Croydon baker. In after years, when quite a child, Johnny Ruskin noticed—without at all comprehending it—"just the least possible shade of shyness on the part of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square [his birthplace], towards Market-street, Croydon." In the Scottish home Margaret put on stature in body and mind; she became a "faultless and accomplished housekeeper, and a natural, essential, unassailable, yet inoffensive, prude." One knows exactly what Ruskin meant by this description of his mother as an "inoffensive prude"; but he thought it worth while to instruct one or two dense newspaper writers on the subject. "There was a hearty, frank, and sometimes even irresponsible, laugh in my mother, never sardonic, yet with a very definitely Smollettian turn in it." She enjoyed *Humphrey Clinker* with her husband, and "could exult in a harmless bit of Smollettian reality." She hid no passage in the Bible from her boy, placing trust both in the Bible and in him. While stewardess in the Scottish home she pursued her brisk, careful, and sagacious life, never unbalanced by sentiment, though inclined to take a needless interest in moral philosophy—indeed, Ruskin tells us, in one of the delightful pawky asides of *Praterita*: "I noticed that [in recalling those days] she never spoke without some alight shyness before my father, nor without some pleasure to other people, of Dr. Thomas Brown."

The boy of the house, Ruskin's father, an active, sensitive youth of sixteen, sought the advice of his four-years-

older cousin on all occasions; "her sympathy was necessary to him in all his flashing transient amours." He was destined for commerce, but his equipment included Latin, learned thoroughly under Adams of Edinburgh, and he was born in happiest time to see his native city of Edinburgh basking and flaming in the rays of Scott's genius. A frank cousinly relation went on between the boy and girl, until, at three-and-twenty, the young fellow excogitated a notion that Margaret was "quite the best sort of person he could have for a wife." He spoke and was accepted. Ruskin says that his father chose his mother "much with the same kind of serenity and decision with which afterwards he chose his clerks."

They were married after a nine years' engagement, spent by the young man in unremitting attention to his business, and by the young woman in making up, as best she could, arrears of education. When her son came Mrs. Ruskin solemnly devoted him to God, and for years the parents hoped to see their son wear the cloth. Even to his Oxford days the father's forecast of his son was this: "That I should enter at college into the best society, take all the prizes every year, and a double first to finish with; marry Lady Clara Vere de Vere; write poetry as good as Byron's, only pious; preach sermons as good as Bossuet's, only Protestant; be made, at forty, Bishop of Winchester, and at fifty, Primate of all England." It matters not what end the father and mother had in view, the memorable thing is that in their home their son found soil and air for the surest and most auspicious growth. The home on Herne Hill, on the southern fringe of London, shows as a kind of paradise in the descriptions of him who grew there. It was a home of calm and unwasted energies. "The routine of my childish days became fixed, as of the sunrise and sunset to a nestling." John James Ruskin was a merchant in sherry, honest and consummate, with whom everything went well in the best of all possible worlds. The dignity of home life was completely respected, and the child laid up no gnawing, soul-dwarfing memories. Perhaps the essential making of Ruskin is comprised and explained by him in the following passage:

For best and truest beginning of all blessings, I had been taught the perfect meaning of Peace, in thought, act, and word. I never had heard my father's or mother's voice once raised in any question with each other; nor seen an angry, or even slightly hurt or offended, glance in the eyes of either. I had never heard a servant scolded; nor even suddenly, passionately, or in any severe manner, blamed. I had never seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter; nor anything whatever either done in a hurry, or undone in due time. I had no conception of such a feeling as anxiety; my father's occasional vexation in the afternoon, when he had only got an order for twelve butts after expecting one for fifteen, as I have just stated, was never manifested to me, and itself related only to the question whether his name would be a step higher or lower in the year's list of sherry exporters; for he never spent more than half his income, and therefore found himself little incommenced by occasional variation in the total of it. I had never done any wrong that I knew of—beyond occasionally delaying the commitment to heart of some improving sentence, that I might watch a wasp on the window pane, or a bird in the cherry tree; and I had never seen any grief.

In the first volume of *Praterita* will be found the key and satisfying explanation of all Ruskin's love of the beauty of the world. In those days Herne Hill was beautiful. Infinite smoke has gone up to the sky since, infinite noise and ugliness have circled around the quiet grove on which the Ruskin garret windows looked down. It was the beautiful South London described by Byron in *Don Juan*, turnpike and orchard and villa graduating townward. Again we quote *Praterita*:

The house commanded . . . those comparatively smokeless days, a very notable view from its garret windows, of the Norwood hills on one side, and the winter sunrise over

them; and of the valley of the Thames on the other, with Windsor telescopically clear in the distance, and Harrow, conspicuous—always in fine weather to open vision against the summer sunset.

Even the Sunday suburbanites and rather dismal chapel goings to Walworth were subject to glorious obliterations, for the family travelled much on business and pleasure, and Ruskin could recall such transitions as this—how wonderful to a boy!

Imagine the change between one Sunday and the next—from the morning service in the building, attended by the families of the small shopkeepers of the Walworth-road, in their Sunday trimmings (our plumber's wife, fat, good, sensible Mrs. Goad, sat in the next pew in front of us, sternly sensitive to the interruption of her devotion by our late arrivals); fancy the change from this, to high mass in Rouen Cathedral, its nave filled with the white-capped peasantry of half Normandy!

The boy was an incessant traveller. He accompanied his father and mother through England in a chariot, in unhurried quest of orders for sherry; he paid long visits to Scotland, where he passed his days "much as the thistles and tansy did, only with perpetual watching of all the ways of running water," the water being that of the Tay rushing round the precipices of Kinnoull. Books and pictures became surely and insensibly mingled with all these pilgrimages. Scott gave glory to the North, Miss Edgeworth to Matlock, and Mrs. Sherwood to Tintern and Malvern: "So that there was this of curious and precious in the means of my education in those years, that my romance was always ratified to me by the seal of locality—and every charm of locality spiritualised by the glow and the passion of romance." There came a day when the elder Ruskin brought home Prout's sketches in Flanders and Germany. Father and son gloating over the places depicted, the mother said: "'Why should we not go and see some of them in reality?' My father hesitated a little; then, with glittering eyes, said: 'Why not?'" So they went, coaching it round Europe, paying their way in the most comfortable fashion, keeping all their energies for exclamation and delight. The tour gave the boy his first view of the Alps, and his written recollection of the sight is a joy. They had trundled into Schaffhausen at midnight; they slept, and next day wandered about the place.

It was drawing towards sunset when we got up to some sort of garden promenade—west of the town, I believe; and high above the Rhine, so as to command the open country across it to the south and west. At which open country of low undulation, far into blue—gazing as at one of our own distances from Malvern to Worcestershire, or Dorking of Kent—suddenly—behold—beyond!

There was no thought in any of us for a moment of their being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the sinking sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful, round heaven, the walls of sacred Death . . .

I went down that evening from the garden terrace of Schaffhausen with my destiny fixed in all that was to be sacred and useful. To that terrace, and the shore of the Lake of Geneva, my heart and faith return to this day, in every impulse that is yet nobly alive in them, and every thought that has in it help or peace.

And there we may leave the newly-arrived boy and the oft-returning man. It has seemed well to us to go back to the boy and just see him starting on the career, then undreamt of, now the heritage of generations. Ruskin's home-life is scarcely imitable by most parents or children. But the record of it is priceless alike in the substance given to it by the parents, and the beauty of statement conferred on it by the son. It is a vindication of the middle-class home against its shallow critics and traducers. It is a classic instance of the environment into which every unborn child would love to enter; and, quite definitely and undeniably, it is the story of the making of Ruskin.

Ruskin's Prose Style.

WHEN we consider Ruskin as a writer, we must first of all recognise the cardinal fact that he was magisterial. He was not only one of the great masters of Victorian prose, not only one of the great masters of nineteenth-century prose; he was one of the great masters of English prose. He was a classic. He ranks with De Quincey, Landor, Carlyle, with those eighteenth-century masters, so different in aim, and with Raleigh, Milton, Hooker, Browne, and Jeremy Taylor—the earlier masters, some of whom were his masters. His aim and (what is much more important, since high aims are frequent enough) his achievement were from first to last nothing short of the "grand style." And the grand style he attained—his own grand style, which is the ultimate *cachet* of every writer who reaches the oligarchy of classics.

If, however, we essay to give any account of his style, we are fronted by the difficulty that there are in Ruskin several styles, not merely one. It is the way with every progressive writer. The public has perversely elected to recognise him solely as the author of *Modern Painters*, and, by choosing certain passages of youthful and sufficiently incontinent eloquence as representative of that book, has formed to itself an idea of "Ruskinese" remote indeed from the matured Ruskin. He was, in our opinion, right in protesting against the assumption that *Modern Painters* was—even in point of style—his greatest work. The later writings have a far truer, though less clamorous, beauty.

Even in *Modern Painters* itself (as has been remarked by a delicate critic of Mr. Ruskin's works) there are two styles in conflict. Ruskin had been a scientific student, as well as a student of art; and the scientific side shows itself in the logical and anything but verbose style in which the level portions of the book are couched. There is a manifest effort after clearness and precision. When, on the other hand, his subject-matter gives occasion for some "purple patch" of eloquence, he remembers the seventeenth-century writers, and breaks into those elaborate and vehement passages which support the popular conception of Ruskin. A feminine admirer of his edited a selection from *Modern Painters*, which he prefaced with his usual benevolence—it is well known. Yet even in such a preface he could not but regret that she had selected preferentially many passages which he did not care to have the public dwell on. In truth, the selection is full of just such passages as those to which we have referred, whereas the master would naturally have chosen more thoughtful or observant work. They are for the most part passages of natural description, and because they represent the popular view of Ruskin cannot be ignored. Nor, for that matter, on their own account. Their defect is, in one word, lack of reticence. Mr. Frederic Harrison has recently noted the over-emphasis of adjectives in such passages; and to this corresponds their outward form, with its too evident endeavour after Nilotic pomps and amplitude of sound. In many cases the sentences are shoreless deluges indeed. He was imitating such men as Hooker, not wisely but too well. The restlessness of adjective, however, is altogether modern; and upon this, more than upon their merits, one may fear the popular approval was founded. Upon this, and upon sensitive sweetness carried here and there to the too-much which is near the sentimental, or the florid. The most successful of these passages were undoubtedly fine, in a deliberate *bravura* way which we should ungrudgingly applaud, had not their author done so much higher work. The best known is this—a rhapsody on the cloud-forms:

Those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of

the morning. The sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?"

Fine this is—but to the trained taste has a certain air of effort; not to say that it depends for its effect largely on a cunning *pasticcio* of Biblical phrases. It is the Ruskin generally admired—not, we think, the greatest Ruskin.

In his work subsequent to *Modern Painters* the research of precision and lucidity gradually adjusted itself with the romantic instinct; and did so, we think, under the influence of platonic study. The affinity of style in those later lectures is too marked to be accidental. The love of restraint, of terse yet open symmetry had drawn him towards the great Hellenic lecturer whom he often quotes. He acquired something of the Greek's noble limpidity without foregoing his own Gothic spirit of poetry, his own Teutonic love of colour and sensitiveness to external nature. This is for us the authoritative Ruskin; upon this balanced and matured style our estimate of him is based. Let it be said that it is impossible to separate, in this perfected style of his, mechanism from substance. This is as it should be. In the greatest work both are indissoluble; the outward form being the limbs and lineaments of the inward meaning, and without significance apart from it. Despite those leonine roars of invective in which he remembers Carlyle, the true Ruskin is essentially feminine and persuasive. That later style of his is a wonderfully adaptable thing, gracious and pliant, lending itself alike to exposition, description, playfulness, eloquence—all the needs of the lecturer. The old Hellenic verbal teacher was reincarnate in our midst. The sentences were mostly short, unintricate, but ruled by a supreme sense of form. Most subtle and suave, they moved in an atmosphere of exquisite luminosity and clarity. The earlier insistence of adjectives disappears, while the sense of apt and chosen epithet remains. He can be austere in gnomic wisdom, or full of fluent charm in description. And there is no trace of effort. He attains the note of the complete master, the presiding greatness of a sweet and lovely peace. Out of this un-self-conscious style, at grips solely with the explicit delivery of its message, the loftier passages blossom naturally. Such is that on the Cumæan Sibyl of Botticelli in *Ariadne Florentina*.

Therefore, if anything is to be conceived, rightly, and chiefly, in the form of the Cumæan Sibyl, it must be of fading virginal beauty, of enduring pathos, of far-looking into futurity. . . . She is armed, for she is the prophetic of Roman fortitude; but her faded breast scarcely raises the corslet; her hair floats, not falls, in waves like the current of a river—the sign of enduring life; the light is full on her forehead: she looks into the distance as in a dream. It is impossible for art to gather together more beautifully or intensely every image which can express her true power, or lead us to understand her lesson.

There is no straining after eloquence; but impressiveness is beautifully, because righteously, attained. And the greatness of Ruskin's style at its best is that of most sweet adequacy and entire fulfilment; the adornment not a thing put on, but the expression of an innate grace.

It is, of course, the duty of all good economists, and kind persons, to prove . . . that respect for the dead is not really shown by laying great stones on them to tell us where they are laid; but by remembering where they are laid without a stone to help us; trusting them to the sacred grass and saddened flowers; and still more, that respect and love are shown to them, not by great monuments to them which we build with our hands, but by letting the monuments stand which they built by their own."—John Ruskin in "*A Joy for Ever*."

G. W. Steevens.

He died at thirty in a beleaguered town thousands of miles from home. The work he did in his few years of life has made his name famous in four continents; yet now, when it is all over, it is the lad himself that lives in the memories of those who knew him. It is strange to think that he whose heart was tender as a girl's, who



GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS.
From a Photograph by Elliot & Fry.

went to and came home from his campaigns as if they had been summer-day picnics, should be the G. W. Steevens known to the world; but under that modest, amused, enigmatic manner there was grit. He did not talk about what he was going to do, he did it; he was thorough, and he never broke faith; he seemed to do things easily—that was his way; success made no change in him. He was always ready to help others, to give sympathy, to take his share in the interests of his ever widening circle of devoted friends. Through it all that alert, curious, brilliant brain grew, widening and hardening.

The few years of his working life told upon him, not upon his fine, sweet nature—that never changed—but on his appearance. From the curly-haired boy who came to the *Pall Mall Gazette* fresh from Oxford, seven years ago, his features developed the keen, resolute look, shown in Mr. John Collier's portrait: battles, and all they mean, brought that. But he himself remained to his friends the child who never grew old; he had all the child's watchfulness, the child's curious interest in the little details of life; he did not speak much in company, but you always knew he was there; he smiled often, but it was the smile of a reflective man, not of a man of action.

He came home from the Dreyfus trial last summer for a fortnight's holiday before starting for South Africa. When Ladysmith was cut off from the world his letters home ceased. It was not known that he had been down with enteric fever till the news that he was recovering was heliographed. The relief of Ladysmith meant that he could be removed to Durban. But it was not to be. One of his last actions before his illness was to send a rose grown in his garden at Ladysmith to the one he loved best—his wife, who devoted her life to him.

L. H.

Mr. Steevens's Work.

It has been our lot so often to draw attention in this paper to the brilliant qualities of Mr. Steevens's work as a Special Correspondent that we do no more at this time than remark once again upon the happy fortune which laid before his readers so unique a blend of sagacity, sense of colour, forcefulness, and humour. Those arm-chair travellers who prefer to do their globe-trotting by deputy were perfectly safe in Mr. Steevens's hands. He was careful that they missed nothing that was interesting, and he never scamped a description. Not only that: he brought the atmosphere of the country into his pages, giving not merely the particular object but the general spirit.

Consider his industry. For the *Daily Mail*, a paper only four years of age, he went to America and wrote *The Land of the Dollar*, to Greece and wrote *With the Conquering Turk*, to Egypt and wrote *Egypt* in 1898, to the Soudan and wrote *With Kitchener to Khartum*, to India and wrote *In India*, to Rennes and wrote *The Tragedy of Dreyfus*, to Ladysmith and began *From Capetown to Pretoria*, doomed, alas! to be unfinished, or finished by other hands. Also, he described Germany in a series of papers, and Paris in a series of papers, and he had begun a new series on London when he left England. And it was all good work, all carefully thought out and shaped, rich in striking phrases, in bold metaphors, in good sense and shrewd insight.

So much for his journalism, by which his name is known, and which often and often overstepped the bounds and became, as in the story of the Battle of Omdurman, literature. Latterly he had been meditating and occasionally working upon a novel, *John King*, but that, we fear, is only a fragment. One little book, however, he published in 1896, which has not, except by the few, won the recognition it deserves—*Monologues of the Dead* (Methuen). Here we see the scholar and wit, rollicking in his cleverness. The work is a kind of imaginative gloss upon Gibbon: one by one emperors and other great Romans and Greeks are set up by Mr. Steevens to reveal their innermost thoughts. The medium of the monologue is a fascinating one, and Mr. Steevens handled it with amazing dexterity and with a boldness that almost takes one's breath away, as when Vespasian is given the manner of speech of a vulgar vestryman, or the mother of the Gracchi talks like the late Rose Leclercq in a cynical comedy. But the end justifies the means: Mr. Steevens made his creatures live, even if one may demur now and then to their characterisation. We quote three brief passages from this little volume. This is Alcibiades:

What's that just put in at the quay? The despatch packet from Athens, if I know her. I wonder what the dirty democrats have got to say this time. Give me the tablets; I believe I'm general-admiral. "The Athenian people to Alcibiades, son of . . ." O furies! O earth and hell! O, plague rot the beasts! . . . Ha, ha, ha! I'm not general-admiral after all, it seems . . . Superseded by Styx! Superseded, when to-morrow I was to do the filthy dogs the best turn of their lives! A board of ten and Diomedon for the interim command! Where's Diomedon? O yes, I knew you would be somewhere near. You, you, you're commander here, you morning star of war, and you're a blockhead and a timorous fool to boot, if it's any service to you to know. Take the fleet and the army to hell, inspired Diomedon, by all means. You'll find me there to welcome you. Here, where are my people? Get out a pinnace. Yes, there goes Antiochus, of course, licking his new master's broken boots. I sail to-night for my castle in the Chersonnese. And this is the cursed Government I was idiot enough to save four years gone! Put the girls aboard—that new girl Phryne with them. Three or four of you go into the city and offer the rhapsode—the tolerably good rhapsode; you know him, I suppose, dolts?—offer him a talent to come too. If he won't, carry him. He shall recite me the Wrath of Achilles. Ha, ha! Run her out there, lads, handsomely, handsomely.

Thus Xanthippe talks to a stranger who has questioned her concerning Socrates:

Well, and then you know what he did when he was in prison. You must know that, because Plato put it in a book. I don't like Plato; he stares so hard and steady at you, just like Socrates used to, till you don't know where to look. But about the prison; you know what he did the last night? Gossipped with his young men, and me and the boys outside, crying our eyes out. Well, then, when we went in, I just burst out, had husband and all as he'd been to me, I couldn't help it. Any wife worth the name would have done the same in my place. Then what does he do, the cruel wretch, but have me sent away—carried out by his men friends, I trouble you. You wouldn't catch me crying for him again. Then dying without leaving me an obol! If it hadn't been for Plato, we should have all starved, and he did about as little for us as he well could.

What say? I've forgotten the most important thing about him? Well, I like that. If his own wife didn't know him, who should, I'd like to know? A philosopher! A philosopher! Ah, I don't know; I can't tell you anything about that.

And here are some of Caligula's ravings:

I am perpetual: perpetual am I! I shall pile up all the gold of the world and swallow it. I shall cut the throats of all the world, men and women and babies, and drink the blood. Then I shall wax and swell till I burst through heaven and squash the stars like flies on the walls of space. Then I shall shove down outwards, and extend on and on, for ever and ever and ever. There will exist nothing, nothing at all; only I. Great, perfect, only, all I! Oh! I . . . I . . . I . . .

The *Monologues of the Dead* were published in 1896, but written earlier, and contributed partly to the *National Observer*, where much of Mr. Steevens's uncollected work is to be found, and partly to the *New Review*. That is to say, they were written when their author was somewhere in the early twenties. A man who, having such a wonderful University record as Mr. Steevens, could do such work then, and in his late twenties could become the trump card of the leading London democratic newspaper, must have had a great and unique career before him.

The Amateur Critic.

[To this page we invite our readers to contribute criticism, favourable or otherwise, of books new and old, or remarks on striking or curious passages which they may meet with in their reading. No communication, we would point out, must exceed 300 words.]

How I Think of Blackmore.

I DON'T want to know what the newspapers are saying about him. The friend who said, "Blackmore is dead," said it very quietly, as such a thing about such a man should be said, and he told me he was grown old when he left this noisy place for the smiling placidity of the Elysian Fields. But I am not to be persuaded of his age: to me he is imperishably young, and brave, and good; one who loved lovers, and all fair and gracious and wholesome things. Novelists and poets who keep out of the crowd, to be seen of it, are wise. Once I passed an evening with a distinguished poet, and I have never since been able to read his poetry with just the same pleasure; he said a thing that made me see his feet of clay, and the spell was broken. And quite lately I was in the company of an equally distinguished novelist, and now his books have lost something of their charm for me. But there has been no such fatal intimacy in the case of Blackmore: the enchantment of his imaginative atmosphere remains. You need not begin to say he was this or that as a writer; I am so

poor a critic that, if I listen, I shall not heed. I know nothing of his personal life, but I do know and love his books, and I know, too (or at least believe), that in creative art the artist must needs reveal his true, his profoundest self. There is a great, strong calm, a lucid honesty about him, and in fretful moments I like to be under his influence. I think of him as one who worked in the ideal way—the remembrance in tranquillity. Surrender to him is so easy that I have come strangely to fancy the touch of his hand on mine. He says to me: "Be not over anxious." He has little of the spirit of revolt, so he is not for all seasons; he is not of the greatest, I suppose. He cannot appall me in the deeps: he has never brought me to my knees by taking me to the mouth of hell. But in the quiet ways he is a very gentle, solacing guide. He is a scholar, and writes like a gentleman. His is the style of absolute sanity; and the treasures of the humble are in his thoughts. He has sweetened many an hour for me, lifted me gently out of many a psychologic morass. I can read him in bed, and there is no ironical smile when I wake and see him lying beside the Bible. He is so clean and manly, and so English in his prejudices. He is the last of the supreme painters of old-fashioned heroes and heroines; he loves the country; from the wayside comes his cheery voice: "Good morning, Cripps; good morning to you!" I can hear him call. And so I am not going to let myself be disenchanted. I shall continue to think of him as one living in a beautiful old English garden, now radiant in the sunshine of spring, summer, autumn, now mystical under hoarfrost and the winter moon—and the lovelier mystery of lovers' secrets. And I am sure there is an orchard; for do I not see the apple blossoms on a sapphire sky? And I am sure there is a farmyard; for do I not see those glorious Aylesburys waddling down to the horse-pond? So let me think of him! And if it is not all quite right—well—after all, the most precious things in life are one's idealised thoughts of good men.

V. BROWN.

Ruskin on War.

WHAT a bewildering teacher Ruskin is! To think that he of all men should favour war. Just now I picked up *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and on page 116 I find this passage:

All the pure and noble arts of peace are founded on war; no great art ever yet rose on earth, but among a nation of soldiers. There is no art among a shepherd people, if it remains at peace. . . . There is no great art possible to a nation but that which is based on battle.

I for one do not read Ruskin for his opinions. I read him for his magnificent prose. Again and again his phrases arrest and gladden one like a sudden burst of sunshine. In the same volume is a passage that always leaps to my mind whenever I read of the swift awful killing of brave men in South Africa:

The more I thought over what I had got to say, the less I found I could say it, without some reference to this intangible or intractable question [as to whether his audience believed or disbelieved in Eternal Life]. It made all the difference, in asserting any principle of war, whether one assumed that a discharge of artillery would merely knead down a certain quantity of once living clay into a level line, as in a brickfield; or whether, out of every separately Christian-named portion of the ruinous heap, there went out, into the smoke and dead-fallen air of battle, some astonished condition of soul, unwillingly released.

How it tells, especially the last lines! There is style, there is temperament, there is literature!

CHARLES QUARTERMAIN.

Correspondence.

"Love's Comedy."

SIR,—Permit me to correct an erroneous statement which, through no fault of yours, occurs in your reference to my forthcoming translation of Ibsen's *Love's Comedy* in last week's ACADEMY. You say that having been "asked by the *Daily Mail* for a specimen of his translation" I "obliged with" the passage which you quote. I am not a reader of the *Daily Mail*, and I have not seen, or desired to see, the reference to me in its columns upon which your statement is doubtless based. But I am bound to say that if the *Daily Mail* has incurred any "obligations" in the matter, at my hands, it is by publishing this extract from my work, without my authority or knowledge, as if it directly emanated from me. I have had no communications whatever with the *Daily Mail*, or with anyone to my knowledge connected with it, on this or any other subject, at this or any other time. In May or June last, however, I did supply this extract to an acquaintance in the Press, with leave to make use of it, which he did shortly afterwards in an American paper. I do not therefore blame the *Daily Mail* for having published the extract, which it had a right to do, but for completely disguising the circumstances under which it came by it; and even here I conceive that the editor was merely misled by one of his purveyors of "information."—I am, &c.,

Jan. 24, 1900.

C. H. HERFORD.

Other Versions.

SIR,—Mr. Arthur Maquarie's poetically-charming translation will probably have the effect of deterring others from entering the lists. But, with all due respect, I hold him to have erred by not being more literal.

The following lines will be found fairly exact as a translation, though they may lack beauty:

For you I threw God from my mind,
My hopes of bright heaven I threw,
And now I find myself left
Without God, without heaven—or you:
For you I threw God from my mind,
My hopes of bright heaven I threw.

It is an agreeable change to find anyone trying to arouse a little interest in the rich literature of the Peninsula.—I am, &c.,

Jan. 22, 1900.

R. E. G. S.

SIR,—The following seems to me a closer translation than Mr. Maquarie's of the Spanish rondel, and I think would sing better, one of the objects of the original. Can he fix the date?

For thee my God forgot,
For thee my honour lost,
Now there remaineth not
That love of priceless cost.
Lo, there remaineth not
Thee, God, nor honour's boast;
For thee I God forgot!
For thee my honour lost!

—I am, &c.,

Jan. 20, 1900.

AMES SAVILE.

The Chastity of Flowers.

SIR,—It seems your correspondent, Mr. W. F. Collier, errs as much in one way as "S. G. O." does in another. The passage round which the discussion has arisen is:

The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.

Now, I think if Shakespeare, whose descriptions of nature

are as accurate as they are beautiful, had intended the "chastity" to be that of the flowers themselves he would not have employed the indefinite "some," but would have written:

. . . weeps every little flower,
Lamenting its enforced chastity.

The "chastity" is not that of flowers, but of human beings, or perhaps fairies, and the crux lies solely in the meaning of "enforced," and not in a question of botanical knowledge at all; although I am willing to believe, on the evidence of other passages, that Shakespeare divined the sexes of flowers.

On reference to Schmidt we find that Shakespeare used the word *enforced* very often, and in the following senses: to constrain, compel, provoke, obtain by force, to open with violence, urge, demand, lay stress upon, put in act with severity, and to violate.

I think it will be found, however, that where the expression is employed in direct reference to feminine chastity the sense is invariably that of violation. See "Henry V.," V. ii., 328; "Richard III.," III. vii., 8; "Cymbeline," IV. i., 18; and "Lucrece," 1623.

Mr. Collier's example, "an enforced smile," is beside the mark. One cannot compare a smile to chastity.—I am, &c., S. WELLWOOD.

Cathcart: Jan. 20, 1900.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED. ACADEMY.]

New Books Received.

[These notes on some of the New Books of the week are preliminary to Reviews that may follow.]

RICHARD WAGNER'S PROSE
WORKS. VOL. VIII.

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM ASHTON ELLIS.

Mr. Ellis has now achieved his long and remarkable task of doing Wagner's voluminous prose works into English. In this volume he gives us posthumous writings and fragments of Wagner, "embracing all but half a century, from the first æsthetic criticism of youth . . . to the last philosophic reflection of the master within two days of immortality." (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

BY J. T. GREIN.

Many playgoers, and particularly those who hold advanced ideas, will be glad to have in volume form these criticisms on plays and dramatic questions of 1898. They include papers on "An Academy of Acting," "The Grave Responsibilities of Dramatic Criticism," &c. Among the plays considered are Sudermann's "Johannes," "Pelleas and Melisande," "The Ambassador," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Robespierre," &c. A preface and a better arrangement of the title section of the book would have been an improvement. (John Long.)

LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF A
LONG EPISCOPATE.

BY DR. HENRY BENJAMIN
WHIPPLE.

Dr. Whipple was, and is, the first Bishop of Manitoba. The interest of the book centres, of course, in Dr. Whipple's well-known work among the Indians. In the fierce Indian wars of the sixties he played an important part as a peacemaker, and the pages in which he recalls these stirring years are remarkable reading. (Macmillan.)

THE MIRAGE OF

TWO BURIED CITIES.

BY JOHN FLETCHER HORNE, M.D.

This work makes no pretensions to profound scholarship. It is as a "mere tourist" that Dr. Horne has visited and studied Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the book before us is really an expansion of a brochure on the same subject

which he wrote years ago. As a popular, well-illustrated account of the buried cities of Vesuvius, Dr. Horne's work is full of excellence—is, indeed, a fascinating book. (Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.)

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS.

BY STEPHEN PAGET.

Mr. Paget is not himself directly interested in his subject, but, as Secretary of the Association for the Advancement of Research by Medicine, he has had to give close attention to its polemical aspects. His aim is to state, and prove, the good that has resulted from the researches condemned by the Anti-Vivisection party. Lord Lister contributes a brief introduction. (Unwin.)

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

BY FREDERICK LITCHFIELD.

Although this beautiful book is an expansion of Mr. Litchfield's handbook on the same subject, it is virtually a new work. It embodies all the information of the handbook, but the list of Ceramic factories, with their marks and monograms, has been lengthened, and revision and augmentation are the rule everywhere. Carefully arranged, and admirably illustrated from choice examples in public and private collections, the book forms an alluring guide to its subject. (Truslove, Hanson, & Comba, Ltd. 15s. net.)

AMONG HORSES IN RUSSIA.

BY CAPTAIN M. H. HAYES.

Captain Hayes has produced a small library of books on the horse. In this new work he tells us that he is the first foreigner who has been allowed to visit the Remount Depôts of the Russian Cavalry Reserve. The information he collected in those visits is the core of the book; but there is much pleasant chit-chat besides. Having now studied horses in England, India, and Russia, Captain Hayes hopes to visit Australia and New Zealand on the same congenial errand. (R. A. Everett & Co.)

OLD LONDON TAVERNS.

BY EDWARD CALLOW.

Mr. Callow has drawn upon the treasures of a long memory. In 1845 he was a City clerk, taking his meals at the old City chop houses, of which few examples remain. In these pages, transferred with revision from the columns of the *City Press*, Mr. Callow talks about all the old taverns and coffee houses and eating houses he can remember, and some which he cannot. The book is clearly arranged and fairly well illustrated. (Downey & Co. 6s.)

A KIPLING PRIMER.

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

This is the second study of Mr. Kipling's writings issued within a year. We believe that a third is on the way. The book before us was originally prepared for American readers. Mr. Knowles considers Mr. Kipling's characteristics under such heads as "Originality," "Imperialism," "Treatment of Nature," "Characterisation," "Mastery of the Short Story," &c. More than half the book is devoted to a descriptive index of Mr. Kipling's writings. (Chatto.)

ST. PETER IN ROME.

BY ARTHUR STAPYLTON BARNES.

The intention of Mr. Barnes is succinctly expressed in the last sentence of his book. He "will feel himself amply rewarded if he has . . . contributed something to the historical basis on which we hold it to be a most certain fact that the prince of the apostles lived and died in Rome, and is buried beneath the glorious dome of the greatest church that Christendom has ever known." (Sonnenschein.)

THE YEAR'S ART, 1900.

ED. BY A. C. R. CARTER.

The twenty-first issue of this indispensable handbook has a series of portraits of the more prominent workers in Decorative Art. An article on "Applied Art," by Mr. Edward F. Strange, appears for the first time. (Virtue.)

In addition to the foregoing, we have received :

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Hogg (Quintin), *The Story of Peter, From Bethesda to Babylon* (Marshall & Son) 5/0
 Conder (Col. C. R.), *The Hebrew Tragedy* (Blackwood)
 Miller (Edward), *A Textual Commentary upon the Holy Gospels* (Bell & Sons) 5/0
 Banks (John S.), *The Development of Doctrine* (Kelly)

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Masterman (Charles F. G.), *Tennyson as a Religious Teacher* (Methuen) 6/0
 Mellows (E. G.), *The Story of English Literature* (Methuen) 3/3
 Bell (J. J.), *Songs of the Hour* (Scotts Pictorial Pub. Co.) 1/3

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Conybeare (Edward), *Alfred in the Chronicles* (Stock)
 Liast (Frans), *Life of Chopin* (Reeves)
 Hurley (Lewis R.), *Francis Lieber* (Columbia Univ. Press) net 7/6
 Crofton (H. T.), *A History of the Ancient Chapel of Stretford. Vol. I.* (Chetham Society)

EDUCATIONAL.

- Pendlebury (Charles), *A Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry* (Bell & Sons)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Fasquelle (L.), *Lessons in French* (Cassell)
 Coleridge (S. T.), *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (Gay & Bird) 5/0
 Bronie (Charlotte), *The Professor, with an Introduction by Mrs. Humphry Ward* (Smith, Elder) 6/0

* * * *New Novels are acknowledged elsewhere.*

Candidates for the Vocabulary.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 18 (New Series).

In response to our invitation for new words—or rather for old words worthy of revivification—a crowd of claimants reach us. The best list, we think, is that sent by Mrs. G. Browne, 39, Rodney-street, Liverpool, because at least four of her words are not mere synonyms, but convey a meaning not now conveyed by any one word. Unless a synonym is a very good or pretty one (as “bird-alone” for “solitary,” for example), there is no advantage in adding it to the vocabulary. Thus “yare,” which someone advocates, is no better than “nimble,” its equivalent. This is Mrs. Browne’s list:—

1. *Elamping*. Enlightening like a lamp. A word suitable for cyclists.

“As when the cheerful sun, *clamping* wide,
 Glads all the world with his uprising ray.”

G. Fletcher.

2. *Commorient*. Dying together. A good word in time of war. “To which may be added equal and common constellations, the same compantient and *commorient* fates and times.”—Sir G. Buck.

3. *Bejade*. To weary. “But if you have no mercy upon them, yet spare yourself lest you *bejade* the good galloway.”—Milton.

4. *Fulvid*. Tawny yellow. Too poetical a word for this century, perhaps.

“And colours to the life depaint
 The *fulvid* eagle with her sun bright eye.”

More’s “*Psychozia*.”

5. *Fardel*. A package, bundle, burden, &c. “You could hardly cross a street, but you met him puffing and blowing with his *fardel* of nonsense under his arm.”—Dryden.

6. *Fridge*. To dance or play about. “The little moles or atoms that *fridge* and play in the beams of the sun.”—Holywell (1681).

To Mrs. Browne a cheque has been posted. Other lists besides hers and those quoted below contain each one or two words with strong claims to be taken again into use. Among them we find: “Dimples,” a. “twilight”; “Tirrines,” a. “fits of passion”; “Inwyt,” a. “conscience”; “Resplend,” v. “to be resplendent”; “Wimple,” v. “to wind like a brook”; “Cantelous,” adj. “crafty”; “Purfs,” v. “to ornament with trimmings”; “Lurdane,” adj. “stupid.”

Other lists follow:

1. *Assentation*. Flattering, lip assent. According to Trench the word was last used by Bishop Hall: “It is a fearful presage of ruin when the prophets conspire in *assentation*.”

2. *Malapert*. A word whose meaning lies between insolent and pert.

3. *Maugre*. As the English language is too monosyllabic, this preposition might be used instead of the periphrasis “in spite of.”

4. *Gentlesse*. The character or qualities of a gentleman. We have no abstract noun with this significance.

5. *Overpart*. Shakespeare uses the participle *oerparted* of an actor unable to sustain his rôle.

6. *Assoil*. This word could be used for “absolved,” “discharged,” in cases where there is no sense of legal acquittal.

[F. G. C., Hull.]

Each of the following words, now fallen into desuetude, is to be found in the writings of old masters, and each, I think, conveys a shade of meaning distinctly its own, which would be lacking in the substitution of any single word in popular use at the present time:

1. *Squiny*. In the sense of squinty, awry, crooked.
2. *Roynish*. In the sense of mean, mangy, despicable.
3. *Imp-ne*. In the sense of to wager.
4. *Poison*. In the sense of plenty, abundance.
5. *Sortance*. In the sense of adequacy, suitability.
6. *Squarer*. An argumentative, contentious person.
7. *Hook*. In the sense of to harbour or shelter.
8. *Subdolous*. In the sense of deceitful, subtle, sly.

But there were only to be six.

[C. R. B., Shirley.]

1. *Agnize*. To acknowledge or confess.

“... I do *agnize*
 A natural and prompt alacrity.”

Shakespeare’s “*Othello*.”

2. *Birdalone*. Solitary. “Then fared she forth *birdalone*.”—William Morris.

3. *Dole*. Grief. “Then made they all great *dole* because of hym.”—Malory.

4. *Latered*. Delayed. “As when a man is *latered* or tarried.”—Chaucer.

5. *Noyous*. Hurtful. “There is a virtue that is called *fortitudo* or strength that is an affection through which a man deepieth *noyous* things.”—Chaucer.

6. *Wanhope*. Despair. “Now cometh *wanhope* that is despair.”—Chaucer.

[E. U., London.]

1. *Algate* (conjunction). Expresses the idea “at any risk,” “at all costs,” by a single word.

“And that to late is now for me to rewe,
 To Dyomede *algate* I wol be trewe”—Chaucer.

2. *Bush* (verb). To prepare oneself, to get ready to go. No word in present use quite expresses the idea. “*Bushed* hem to the bourne.”—Piers the Plowman.

3. *Derworth* (adjective). Combines the ideas of affection and value. “It is as *derworth* a dremery,” &c.—Piers the Plowman.

4. *Hade* (noun). A better word than either “declivity” or “slope” to describe the descent of a hill.

5. *Litherness* (noun). Want of moral courage—an English anonym, e.g., in perhaps a slightly different sense. “Let her [Philosophy] hardly remit this vocall *litherness* unto evil.”—Florio’s “*Montaigne*.”

6. *Wanhope* (noun). Hope which has turned to despair. “Well ought I sterve in *wanhope* and distresse.”—Chaucer’s “*Knight’s Tale*.”

[A. T. G., Malvern.]

Answers received also from F. M. D., London; E. S. H., Bradford; “Abbot,” Winchester; E. T. P., London; T. C., Buxted; E. L., Burton; G. M. P., Birmingham; C. W., London; M. A. C., Cambridge; M. A. W., Watford; G. N., Bristol; S. C., Brighton; E. H., Didsbury; S. B. F., Crediton; R. M. C., Whitby; M. B. C., Egham; and C. S. J. C., Edinburgh.

Prize Competition No. 19 (New Series).

EVERYONE knows Lamb’s Popular Fallacies, in which he takes one by one certain well-worn aphorisms, as “Enough is as good as a feast,” “Handsome is as handsome does,” and so forth, and riddles them until they have not a leg to stand on, at any rate, as accurate generalities. We offer a prize of a guinea to the best exposure of a popular fallacy on similar lines. In no case must 150 words be exceeded.

RULES.

Answers, addressed “Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 49, Chancery-lane, W.C.,” must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 30. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found in the first column of p. 92 or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. We wish to impress on competitors that the task of examining replies is much facilitated when one side only of the paper is written upon. It is also important that names and addresses should always be given: we cannot consider anonymous answers.

OUR SPECIAL PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(For particulars see inside page of cover.)

Received: Nottim, Eboracum, The Outsiders, Lorentia, Moods, Warrington, Bouillon de Gascon.

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The List of Unknown and Lost Books is in Preparation. Office Hours, 10-1 and 2-5.

BOOKS WANTED.—25s. each offered.—Stevenson's Edinburgh, 1879.—Tennyson's Poems, 1830.—Symonds's Age of the Despota, 1875.—Symonds's Essays, 2 vols., 1890.—Symonds's Sketches and Studies in Italy, 1873.—Inland Voyage, 1873.—New Arabian Nights, 2 vols., 1869.—Hawback Grange, 1847.—Wild Wales, 3 vols., 1863.—Moore's Alps in 1864.—Scrope's Salmon Fishing, 1841.—Crowe's Painting in Italy, 3 vols., 1864-71.—Kline Glumouss: an Interlude, 1857. Rare Books supplied.—BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, BIRMINGHAM.

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